

WYTSCHAETE AND BAILLEUL IN FOE HANDS 2-3

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

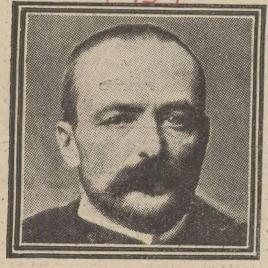
AUSTRIA.

1650



Count Andrássy, a prominent Hungarian statesman.

1959



Count Tisza, formerly Prime Minister of Austria.

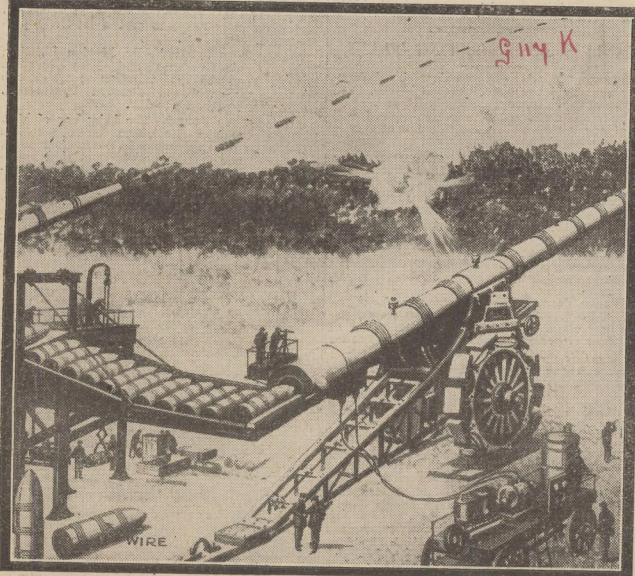
The names of Count Tisza and of Count Andrássy have both been mentioned as probable successors to Count Czernin, the Austrian Premier, who has resigned. Czernin's resignation is said to be generally approved.

ONE OF GERMANY'S SUPER-SUBMARINES.



A German U-boat as seen from the deck of the Spanish transatlantic liner, the Infanta Isobel de Borbon, off Cadiz, on March 18. The submarine is one of the largest in the German U-boat fleet, is about 300ft. in length, carries two guns of 100 millimetres, and its total displacement is 1,000 tons. It is equipped and provisioned in order to be at large for a long period without revictualling.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR'S IDEA FOR LONG DISTANCE GUN.



There have been numberless inventions more or less anticipatory of the German long-distance gun. A patent for the electro-magnetic gun, shown above, was granted in the U.S.A. in 1915 to the Swedish professor, Kristian Birkeland.

THE RUINED CRECHE—KULTUR'S LATEST TRIUMPH!



Last Friday, during the bombardment of Paris by the long-range gun, one of the shells struck a creche, with the result that four persons were killed and twenty-one wounded. The wrecked dormitory, showing where the shell entered.

## COMMONS PASS MAN POWER BILL.

198 Majority — Premier's Threat to Lords.

## SIR E. CARSON'S DECISION.

Beseaching Appeal to Ulster to "Carry On."

The Man-Power Bill passed the Commons last night.

On a division the third reading was carried by 301 to 103, a majority for the Bill of 198.

The announcement was greeted by Mr. Flavin with the cry of "Prussianism for small nationalities."

The Prime Minister assented to the statement that the Government would resign if the House of Lords refused to pass the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Barnes, Labour member for the Cabinet, announced that the Government intended to bring in a Home Rule Bill immediately.

On the report stage of the Man-Power Bill Mr. Dillon moved the omission of Clause 2, ap-

### £750 FOR POTATOES.

To encourage potato-growing *The Daily Mirror* is offering £750 in cash prizes to amateur growers in allotments, private and school gardens as follows:—

First prize ... £500      Fourth prize, £25  
Second prize 100      Fifth prize 10  
Third prize ... 50      13 prizes of ... 5

Start planting potatoes to-day.

plying conscription to Ireland. He quoted a woman, a Protestant Unionist, of Ulster, as saying she would shoot with her hand any soldier who tried to impress her son.

Mr. Clancy, who seconded, declared that a Government with such a record of infamy and deceit had no moral right to arrest even a rat in Ireland. One might as well talk of the moral right of a footpad.

Mr. Barnes said he believed a new Home Rule might still be put on the Statute Book before this clause became operative.

The Government meant to snatch a victory on the Irish front if they could on no other. (Laughter.) He believed they should snatch victory on both fronts.

### I BESEECH YOU."

Sir E. Carson said he should support the application of the Bill to Ireland even if the Government planned to put it into the Nationalists or the Sinn Feiners because he preferred that domination to the domination of the Germans.

Ireland had suffered from nothing so much as from the broken pledges of Ministers.

Sir Edward's final words were: "To Ulster I say, with all the solemnity and sadness of the vista that is put before you, in having inflicted upon you something you never dreamt of and the miseries of this war; notwithstanding all that, I beseech of you to go on as you have been going in the past with the prosecution of the war."

Mr. Lloyd George said Sir Edward Carson had made an impressive pronouncement. Nothing would help more to secure the full measure of American assistance than the offer of Home Rule.

### PART OF THE PRICE."

Those who disliked Home Rule meant to secure success in the war, and reluctantly came to the conclusion that the one was part of the other, and that was for the whole.

Did opponents of Home Rule imagine they would have the opinion in England to enforce conscription without it? The principle of national self-determination was that which we were ostentatiously fighting for.

But he wanted to say to the Irish members that they could not have resistance to Home Rule as a means of defeating conscription.

Mr. Devlin: Now the cat's out of the bag.

Mr. Devlin: The only Irish conscription clause rejected by 298 to 123.

**Exclusion of Clergy.**—The following alterations were made in the Bill: (1) All Orders in Council made under the Bill are to be laid before Parliament for fourteen days. (2) Exclusion of clergy and ministers.

The Home Secretary explained that ministers were to be excluded because of the work of the Salvation Army and other religious organisations, which it was impossible to do.

**Irish Parties to Meet.**—The leaders of all Irish parties will concur at the Mansion House, Dublin, to-morrow, to consider methods to oppose Irish conscription.

## SPIRIT THAT BINDS THE ALLIES.

In a message congratulating King George on the magnificent gallantry of British troops on the western front the King of the Hajaz expressed the hope that the banners of the true cause for which they are fighting may be crowned with victory.

The King, in reply, says the message "breathes the spirit which binds together the Allied forces."

## COUNT CZERNIN TO FIGHT.

Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, who resigned after a sharp exchange of opinion with the Emperor Charles, is to command an Austrian brigade on the Italian front.

## BLANKETS CONTROL.

Effect of Women's Rush to Purchase Unnecessary Bedclothes.

### PRICE AND WEIGHT FIXED.

The humble, but necessary, wool blanket is now controlled and its prices regulated.

The Government makes no explanation of the need for controlling blankets, but *The Daily Mirror* was told by a dealer that women's hoarding of blankets in the past probably had something to do with the order.

"The ladies have been buying blankets in tremendous numbers all through the last year, and beyond all requirements as compared with other years, merely because they knew of a wool shortage."

"After the present stock is exhausted, the standard blankets only will be on sale."

It is expected that standard blankets will be on sale in England, Scotland and Wales at an early date.

The fixed prices will be from 36s. 4d. per pair, or 18s. 2d. a single blanket, to 40s. 8d. per pair, or 20s. 4d. per blanket.

The size varies from 60in. by 80in. to 64in. by 84in., and the weight from 6lb. to 7lb.

## CASE OF MR. WOLFF.

Lord Lytton on Sketches of "Coast Defences of Lerwick."

### 'ABUSED DIPLOMATIC POSITION.'

The case of Mr. Eugene Wolff, an accredited reporter of the *Prussian Republic*, who, the Earl of Lytton said, "had abused his diplomatic position," came before the House of Lords yesterday.

Attention was called by the Earl of Warendorff to the treatment accorded to Mr. Eugene Wolff.

Mr. Wolff, said the earl, was kept for six days in a cell at Lerwick and permission refused him to communicate with London.

Finally he was brought to London by four warders, and, when examined, it turned out there was nothing against him and he was released.

The Earl of Lytton, in reply, said the case of Mr. Wolff had been presented to their Lordships as that of a distinguished foreigner treated with gross discourtesy by high-handed subordinate officials.

In fact, Mr. Wolff had abused his diplomatic position.

He had been guilty of two serious breaches of the law. He had made sketches of the coast defences of Lerwick; he had carried correspondence from this country and was thus evading the census duty.

After detention he was brought to London in a first-class carriage and examined by the naval and Scotland Yard authorities.

He urged that he made the sketches innocently and inadvertently and was carrying the correspondence innocently, and was released, as he complained of his treatment.

A report had been called for from the naval officer.

## POISON GAS BY LETTER!

Frenchwomen Ill After Getting Missives from Captive Husbands.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A woman living in the hamlet of La Siotière (Vendée) was recently seized with illness, which lasted for several days, after opening a letter from a French prisoner in Germany.

On the same day another woman received a letter from her husband, who is a captive in Bavaaria.

The missive also contained asphyxiating gas. Other cases are reported.—Exchange.

### "NOT FRIVOLOUS."

American Woman Finds Women War Workers Keenly Earnest.

The women members of the U.S. delegation now in London were surprised to hear of the charges of frivolity levelled against young women.

"I have found nothing to show me a basis for these charges," said Mrs. Grenfell, a distinguished public worker from Denver, to *The Daily Mirror*.

"I am glad to see your women in their neat uniforms everywhere. It is proper that war workers should be recognised on sight. I see in your women not frivolous girls, but real and useful citizens."

## HUN ADVANCE ON VYBORG.

Desperate Street Fighting Before Helsingfors Was Taken.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Finland.—The troops landed in Lovisa (east of Helsingfors), after overcoming difficult ice conditions, pushed forward via Lappstrask towards the north, repeatedly broke the enemy's resistance.

**GERMAN OFFICIAL.**—Finland.—The troops landed in Lovisa (east of Helsingfors), after overcoming difficult ice conditions, pushed forward via Lappstrask towards the north, repeatedly broke the enemy's resistance.

**MAP OF FINLAND.**—A map showing the positions of the German troops in Finland, with the names of towns and cities marked. The map shows the Gulf of Finland, the Gulf of Petrograd, the Gulf of Narva, the Gulf of Riga, and the Gulf of Bothnia. The map also shows the locations of the cities of Helsinki, Turku, Tampere, Jyväskylä, Oulu, Rovaniemi, and Kajaani.

Paris, Tuesday.—A telegram from Geneva to the *Temps* states that definite information on the subject of the first in the Gothas raid at Friedrichshafen shows that it was caused by British and French Allied airmen.

The *Gazette de Thuringe*, quoted by the Exchange, announces that the whole of the workshops for the construction of aeroplanes, the motor factories, as well as the stores of gas and benzine, are destroyed. There were in all twenty explosions in succession.

The *Matin* states that two Zeppelins and forty giant Gothas were destroyed, and that 140 people were killed and 200 injured.—Reuter.

## 40 GOTHAS DESTROYED.

Huge Hun Workshops Wiped Out — Two Zeppelins Burnt.

## MANLESS BOMB-DROPPING PLANE.

TORONTO, Monday.—A manless bomb-dropping aeroplane has been invented by Mr. Fred Collier of this city, says *The Daily Record*.

The machine is set by clockwork, and will drop four bombs within the distance of a mile from the start of the journey, take photographs and then turn slowly around and steer itself back.

## VOLUNTEERS AND MAN POWER.

At a meeting called at the House of Commons, yesterday, to consider the position of the

Volunteers, formed under the Man-Power Bill, it was agreed that an amendment should be moved to the Bill in the House of Lords providing that—

All men exempted from service in the Army should be required to join the Volunteers, unless they could produce some reason, either of health or of occupation, to show that they could not perform the necessary drills.

## PLENTY OF BACON.

Large quantities of bacon are reaching this country. All not required for present consumption will be put into cold storage.

—Ministry of Food.

Fetch Your Own Bread.—Much man power and transport could be saved (says a London baker) if people were compelled to fetch their bread from the bakers and to carry it home.

## ALIEN "MIGRANTS."

Mr. Brace stated, in the House of Commons yesterday, that the reports of the migration of aliens and naturalised foreigners to certain localities were much exaggerated.

## BEATTY SWEEPS THE CATTEGAT.

Ten Armed Trawlers Sunk by British Destroyers.

### FOE CREWS RESCUED.

#### ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The Commander-in-Chief Grand Fleet reports having undertaken a sweep of the Cattegat on April 15.

Ten German trawlers were sunk by gunfire, their crews being saved by the British ships. There were no British casualties.

COPENHAGEN, Monday Night.—The special correspondent of the *National Tidende* at Helsingborg telegraphs that violent fight took place



early this morning in the Cattegat, north-west of Kullen, between several British destroyers and five armed German trawlers.

All the German vessels were set on fire and were in a sinking condition when last observed.

The report is confirmed by the commanding officer of *St. Albans*, *Gazette*, which has received the news from Teeserkev.—Central News.

A Copenhagen Exchange message says the sea battle took place outside Halmstad, and that one German trawler escaped.

## SLANDERING THE 'WAACS.'

Socialist Fined £50 for Making Disgraceful Allegations.

At Pontypriod yesterday W. H. Mainwaring, a Rhondda Socialist leader, was fined £50, or in default, two months' imprisonment, for spreading false reports.

It was alleged that at a meeting he addressed that hundreds of English, Welsh, Scottish and Irish women were being sent to France to the "tolerated houses."

Mrs. Leahy, Controller of the W.A.A.C., strongly denied the statement.

## NEWS ITEMS.

**Smallpox at Dartford.**—A case of smallpox was reported at Dartford (Kent) yesterday.

**New Zealand's Way.**—All persons able to subscribe to the latest New Zealand loan of £20,000,000 and who fail to do so will have to pay a fine equal to double their income tax.

**Landlady and Soldier's Wife.**—Why should I turn the wife of a soldier serving in France into the street?" said Alice Greenhill, at Newcastle yesterday, in refusing to give a landlady possession of her house.

**Woman Who Refused.**—Dr. Marion Phillips, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Miss Margaret Bondfield refused the invitation to attend the Women's International Concord Conference, which opens in Berna to-day.

**Missing Baby Found.**—The baby boy of Mrs. Phillips, of Oakden-Street, Kennington, who was stolen away from the house by a strange woman, has been found. The mother went to a house at Clapham and there found the baby in excellent health.

**Butcher Fined £40.**—At Birmingham yesterday Alfred Darrall, a butcher, who, placing a piece of black pudding on the scuttle with a beef steak, told a customer he must either have it or leave the meat, was fined £40 for imposing a condition of sale.

## GRAND FLEET'S SUCCESS.

Fields were large for the opening of the Newmarket Craven Meeting yesterday. A field of seventeen for Lord Derby's Hainault was beaten a head by Sir William Tatton's Grand Fleet, who was beaten in turn by the 10th Lord Derby's Hainault. The Tatton's Grand Fleet's selections are:—

1. 30.—SKYWAYS.      3. 30.—STAFFEWELL.  
2. 0.—LADY'S FAVOURITE.      4. 0.—BRIDGE OF WEIR.  
3. 0.—BLUE DANUBE.      4. 0.—GAINSBOROUGH.  
3. 0.—MESSINES.

### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\* 30.—BLUE DANUBE and GAINSBOURGH.

BOUVERIE.

### WINNERS AT NEWMARKET.

1. 30.—FOULHARROW (100-8, P. Jones), 1; Furious (9-2), 2; Caparison (9-2), 3; For Ratajewicz (21-0), 4; Brigadier (10-1), 5; 2. 0.—LADY'S FAVOURITE.

3. 30.—Vain Dream (11-2, Whalley) and Baronin (9-2, V. Smyth), dead-heat; Monte Faro (7-1), 3; 16 ran.

4. 30.—GRAND FLEET (6-5, L. Lawrence), 1; 17 ran.

5. 30.—DRAKE (10-8), 1; 18 ran.

6. 30.—Grand Parade (3-1, Langford), 1; 19 ran.

7. 30.—FIRE (4-1, 2; Petrol (7-2), 3; 15 ran.

8. 30.—WALL ROCK (100-8, Lester), 1; 20 ran.

9. 30.—White Nile (100-8), 2; Ancient and Modern (6-1), 3; 12 ran.

10. 30.—SIR GURAH—WINNERS. (Foulharrow (4-1), Tuckstone (2-1), Daylight Saver (8-1), Doria (6-1) and The Tex (9-2) dead-heat; Forest Guard (4-5), Arcadian Maid (6-1).

# BAILLEUL FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE GERMANS

**British Fall Back Only After a Fierce and Bitter Struggle.**

**THREE FRESH PICKED HUN DIVISIONS USED.**

**New German Attacks Developing in Neighbourhood of Wytschaete—French Progress in the Noyon Sector.**

**BRITISH OFFICIAL.**

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday.

**10.29 A.M.**—Yesterday evening, preceded by an intense bombardment, the enemy launched a very heavy attack against our positions between Bailleul and Neuve Eglise.

The assault was delivered by three picked German divisions which had not been previously engaged in the battle and succeeded, after a fierce and bitter struggle, in carrying the high ground south-east and east of Bailleul, known as Mont de Lille and the Revelsberg.

**Our troops on this front have fallen back to new positions to the north of Bailleul and Wulverghem.**

**Bailleul has fallen into the enemy's hands.**

**This morning fresh German attacks are developing in the neighbourhood of Wytschaete.**

Early this morning the enemy also attacked south-west of Vieux Berquin under heavy artillery and trench mortar fire, but was repulsed.

A number of prisoners were taken by us during the night in a successful minor enterprise south-east of Robecq.

## HOW THE HUNS OCCUPIED TOWN OF BAILLEUL.

**British Defenders Driven Back by Overwhelming Numbers.**

**CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, BRITISH ARMY, FRANCE, Tuesday.**—Since yesterday evening the Germans have been attacking heavily in various parts of the northern battle area and have gained some ground.

The most important advance they succeeded in making is the occupation of Bailleul.

Following upon the entry into Neuve Eglise, they maintained a steadily increasing pressure along our front practically all the way between that place and Meteren.

Then toward evening under cover of a tremendous bombardment their infantry advanced in the usual dense waves.

Our troops fought stubbornly, but were forced to yield ground by overwhelming weight of numbers.

At least three enemy divisions were identified in attacking the Bailleul alone, these including a German mountain division.

This morning he was reported to have gained a footing upon the Revelsberg, a little hillock rising to a height of 150ft. between Bailleul and

## FRENCH MAKE PROGRESS NEAR NOYON.

**Reconnoitring Parties Take Prisoners in Oise Canal Region.**

**FRENCH OFFICIAL.**

**Afternoon.**—In the region north of Montdidier there was fairly considerable artillery activity. In the sector of Noyon we made some progress during a minor operation.

Our reconnaissances displayed great activity, especially in the region of the Oise Canal. One of our detachments crossed the canal west of Pierremont and brought back ten prisoners and a machine gun.

Our patrols also took some prisoners in the sector of Corbeny, in Champagne, in the region of Senlis, and in the Vosges. An enemy raid at the Teton failed.

The night was calm everywhere else.—Reuter.

## 2 ZEPPLS AND 40 GOTHAS DESTROYED AT MANZELL.

**Workshops and Benzine Stores Wiped Out—20 Explosions.**

**PARIS, Tuesday.**—A message from Geneva says: The *Gazette de Thurovage* announces that the fire at the Manzell Works was due to the act of an incendiary.

The incendiary workshops for the construction of aeroplanes, the motor factories, as well as the stores of gas and benzine and a great number of machines, are destroyed. There were in all twenty explosions in succession.

Another message from Zurich says: "The fire at Friedrichshaven continues. Enormous columns of smoke ascend from the ruins."

The *Sankt Gallen Tagblatt* says the flames are visible from St. Gall. Lake Constance is lighted up with an intense reddish glare, which gives to the aspect of a vast lake of blood.—Ex-change.

The *Matin* states that two Zeppelins and forty Goths were destroyed, and that 140 people were killed and 200 injured.—Reuter.

## RUMANIA UNDER THE YOKE

**AMSTERDAM, Monday (received yesterday).**—Sunday's *Tageszeitung* says that Germany is reported to have reserved for itself the lease of the Rumanian oil wells for ninety-nine years, and also the right of remaining in military occupation of the country for several years.—Reuter.

## FOE CLAIMS U.S. POSITION.

**AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.**—A semi-official Berlin message claims that the majority of the American positions on the right bank of the Meuse, south-east of Maisse, were occupied by the Germans during the night of April 4 in the course of the fighting north of St. Mihiel.—Central News.



## BEATTY SWEEPS THE CATTEGAT.

**Ten Armed Trawlers Sunk by British Destroyers.**

## FOE CREWS RESCUED.

**ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.**

The Commander-in-Chief Grand Fleet reports having undertaken a sweep of the Kattegat on April 15.

Ten German trawlers were sunk by gunfire, their crews being saved by the British ships.

There were no British casualties.

**COPENHAGEN, Monday Night.**—The special correspondent of the *National Tidende* at Helsingør telegraphs that a violent fight took place early this morning in the Kattegat north-west of Kullen, between several British destroyers and a number of German trawlers.

All the German vessels were set on fire and were in a sinking condition when last observed.

The report is confirmed by the Gothenburg *Commercial Shipping Gazette*, which has received the news from Teeserkey.—Central News.

A Copenhagen Exchange message says the battle took place outside Halmstad, and that one German trawler escaped.

## 'WING OF SACRIFICE' FALLS ON THE BRITISH ARMY.

**French Critic's Tribute to Splendid Courage of Our Troops.**

**PARIS, Tuesday.**—M. Bidou, the well-known military critic of the *Debats*, went yesterday to the British front.—He writes:

"The present problem is as follows:—Germany threw into the furnace two-thirds of her forces, chiefly against the British Army, and dug two vast hollows, but obtained no result.

"At what moment will the Allied command judge the situation favourable to turn back? That is what must be awaited with patience and coolness.

"There exists in all battles a wing for sacrifice, a wing for victorious manoeuvre. The wing of sacrifice is like that of Davout at Austerlitz, the wing of manoeuvre that of Ney at Waterloo, that should not fall on our Allies, as it fell on us at Verdun. We admire the splendid courage with which the units held and struggled until the last man, and machine-guns fired until they were submerged, making havoc of the enemy."

## HOW HUNS USE "PEACE" AS A CAMOUFLAGE.

**Reichstag's Resolution Is 'Just a Matter of Tactics,' Say Germans.**

The *Mittag Zeitung*'s comment on the abandonment of the Reichstag's "no annexations and no indemnities resolution" is:

"Here, too, it is held that the July resolution was a tactical means. It contributed to confirming the power of the Bolsheviks, and strengthened the will for peace in the Russian people, and thereby undoubtedly helped to hasten the arrival of peace in the East.

"To-day this tactical means has been set aside. In the West the aim now is to gain a victorious peace by force of arms."—Reuter.

## HUNS ADVANCE ON VIBORG.

The German communiqué of Monday announced the capture of Helsingfors, and a Uleborg Reuter message says: "The German



advance is now proceeding eastwards along the Riihimaki-Lahti-Kotka railway line, which runs from Ekerö to Viborg."

Couen von der Goltz states that it was on April 13 Helsingfors was taken by storm after desperate struggles in the streets and surrounding forests.—Reuter.

## MR. BAKER HOME AGAIN.

**AN ATLANTIC PORT, Tuesday.**—Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary for War, arrived here this morning on board an American transport, and left immediately for Washington.—Central News.

## BILLION DOLLARS LOAN.

**WASHINGTON, Tuesday.**—It is announced that the subscriptions to the new Liberty Loan are approaching one billion dollars.—Central News.

**Italian Official.**—More frequent harassing shots took place in the Val Lagarina, the Brenta Valley and in the Adamollo region.

The dotted line shows the latest enemy gain at Bailleul.

Neuve Eglise. That his attempt to advance towards the ridge system will be strenuously contested is certain.

Thus far all his gains have been in the dead levels of Flanders, and although it would be futile to pretend that his success is not a matter of much concern, yet it has brought him very little tactical advantage proportionate to its extent.

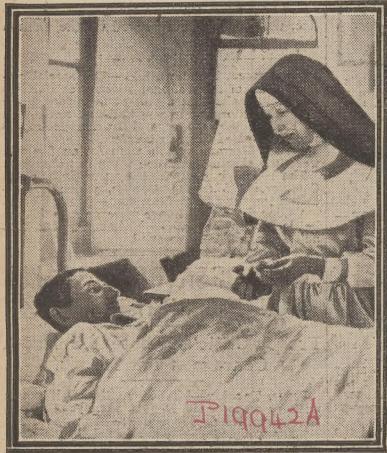
Bailleul itself stands astride what was an important artery of communications with places which are now in German occupation, north east of the Forest of Nieppe.—Reuter.

PORTRAITS IN—  
P19943 P19943A

Mrs. Edith P. Barker, W.A.D. nurse, who was invalided home in 1916 from Malta, and is now reported to have died in France.



Mrs. Sgt. Large, R.A.E. serving with the British forces in Egypt, who has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.



P19942A

Showing her cross to a wounded hero.

Sister Evangelist, matron of the hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, is the first nun to receive the R.R.C. First Class) in this war. Nuns of her order were decorated for their work with Florence Nightingale.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

IN MEMORY OF HEROIC NURSE.  
S 914

Canadian golfers have equipped and presented an ambulance to the Scottish Women's Hospital unit in memory of Miss Madge Neil Fraser, who died on duty in Serbia.

P19942A



POTATO CULTURE.—Lieut. Robert W. Ascroft, officer in charge of spraying the Food Production Department.

ENGAGED.—Lieut. Ivo Dawson, Royal Field Artillery, to Constance, eldest daughter of the late Vladimir Faber.

## A LINK WITH THE CRIMEAN WAR



Sister Evangelist entertains her wounded charges.



DIED OF WOUNDS.—Lieut. Ebenezer MacLay, Scots Guards, eldest son of Sir Joseph MacLay, the Controller of Shipping.



MRS. ALAN PARSONS (Miss Viola Tree), who will appear in the Pageant of Fair Women, to be revived at the Queen's Hall in May.



WOUNDED AND MISSING.—Capt. the Hon. W. Berthwick, King's Royal Rifle Corps, second son of Lord Whitburgh of Whitburgh.

## WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITED IN DUBLIN.



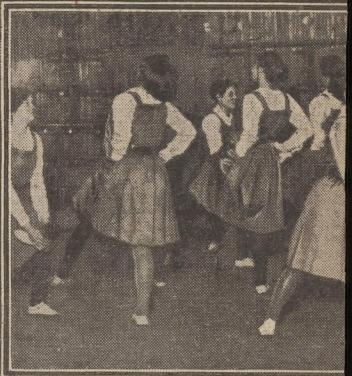
Sir Thomas Russell, Bart., opening the Canadian War Photographs Exhibition at Dublin. Left to right: Sir W. Fry, Sir W. Boyd, Sir T. Russell, General Lord F. Fitzgerald, Mr. T. P. Gill.



THE GIRL GUARD.—At the wedding of Mr. Evan Jones and Miss Maude May, group leader of the N.S.V., a company of N.S.V. girls provided a guard of honour. The bridal couple leaving the church after the ceremony.

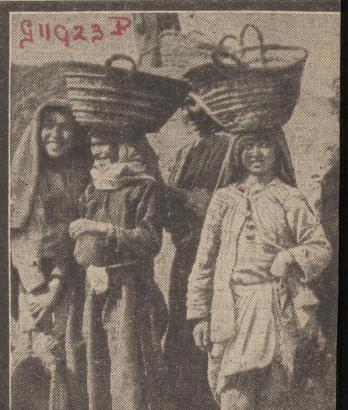
HOW W.A.A.C.s KE  
91490B

91490B One way in which the W.A.A.C.s con



Swedish drill forms a favourite item. The W.A.A.C.s employed at the Military Convalescent and folk dancing during the evenings, under The drills are voluntary, both with the girls

## SMILING WOMEN OF THE EAST



Native women engaged by the British authorities in Palestine are employed in stone quarries. Carrying baskets with stone to a small-gauge railway

## IT IN WAR TIME.

## WOMEN WORKERS IN CANADA.

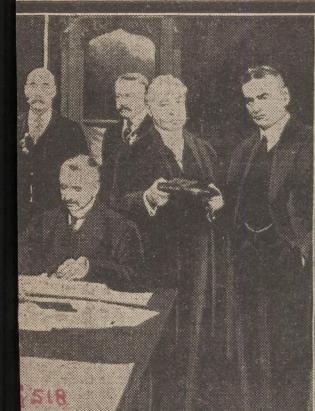


themselves fit in their spare time.



training of the W.A.A.C.s.  
1, Epsom, are trained in Swedish gymnastics of the Canadian Army Gymnastic Staff. (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## THE CANADIAN SENATE.



the oath and signing the roll at the first of the current session of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa.



Feeding cattle in the snow-laden fields.



DEATH.—Lord Cottesloe, whose death in his eightieth year is reported. He was a very energetic chairman of the L.B. and S.C.

WATERWORK.—Mrs. Hugh Clark, the wife of Lieutenant Hugh Clark, has been working in France until quite recently.

ONCE A BACHELOR.—Capt. the Hon. Donald Starling Palmer Howard, awarded Croix de Guerre, is heir to Lady Strathcona.

## FROM BATTLEFIELD TO PRIMROSE FIELD.



Some of the convalescent soldiers who were wounded in the great offensive are now regaining health at Sir Thomas Dewey's Devonshire hospital. Picking primroses.



OVER THE TOP.—These American soldiers never "hurled" anything before they went to the camp at Upton. Now they go over the trench at the dummy Boches as if they were professional hurdlers. (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## —TO-DAY'S NEWS.

P19943 19043A



Sister G. M. Collins, who has received the Royal Red Cross. She is just returned from Salonika, where she has been nursing Serbians.



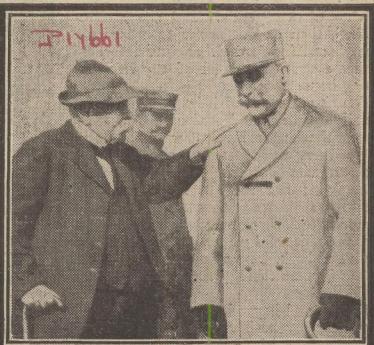
Councillor James Gold, secretary Scottish Miners' Insurance Co., chosen Labour candidate for South Midlothian.



Women farmers' assistants carrying fodder.

In Canada, as in England, the women are doing splendid work on the farms in war time, while their husbands and sons are fighting for the Empire on the fields of France.

## M. CLEMENCEAU AT THE FRONT.



M. Clemenceau with General Petain on his latest visit to the fighting zone. The French Premier brought back a distinctly favourable impression.



REV. E. A. DAVIS, who has been charged of the East London murder. He has served as a soldier and been wounded.

MISSING.—2nd Lieut. R. K. Kennedy, R.A., missing. Information to Mrs. Bart Kennedy, Gold Hill House, near Tunbridge.

## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1918.

## AFTER BAILEUL.

NEWS of the loss of Bailleul came yesterday morning, but our withdrawal from the Bailleul-Meteren line had already been anticipated. Several correspondents had mentioned the possibility of it, in their none the less reassuring messages.

The Germans seem, for the moment, to be endeavouring to "clean up" this second stage of their offensive by securing the Messines Ridge and all that high ground from which our men's constancy has again and again driven them.

As we write, they have apparently gained Wulverghem also; but not Wytschaete, still higher. They are toiling up. Hazebrouck (east of Bailleul) is presumably another objective, but it is difficult of approach. The flat maps give indeed no idea of the treacherous ground still to be measured on this front by the enemy. Every inch has to be won with bitter fighting. It may be won. The ridge may go. What would be the immediate result?

The Ypres salient would be further exposed, and (if we may venture a guess) an attack, probably maturing all this time, would begin simultaneously North of Ypres, to enclose it.

Pressure here, however, has been a familiar feature in past fighting. Its possible results have been discussed ever since we have held the salient; and we may conclude that due precaution has therefore been taken against dangers of strategic fracture.

We venture to sum the visible situation, so far as we know it, very roughly, in that manner; because thus we may help to reassure those who anticipate a sort of landslide uphill.

What we cannot comment upon very fully is the very important question of losses for both sides; since we have here nothing but rumour to go on.

Clearly, the Germans have still perfectly fresh troops. They use them ruthlessly for each initial attack. We plough into them. Then, on occasion, a withdrawal is decided upon by us. And so, if it were not for the phraseology of Haig's recent dispatch, one would dare to say that this struggle depends less on places, ground, and space relinquished, than on our power to reduce the enemy's striking force *in numbers* before he secures a strategic success of any real and lasting importance.

The situation—need it be said?—is continually awkward and anxious. Underestimate of the dangers involved would be folly. But just now we see no signs of any official underestimate of that danger. And we have succeeded (after the affair of the Fifth Army) in making the enemy use his men at a rate increasingly dangerous for him in proportion to his solid gains. Can we beat him down and back, long enough to produce the sense of exhaustion? We trust to our men to do that.

Behind and beyond all this, we have, to strengthen our position, the brilliant record and splendid spirit of General Foch—whose task it will be to guide our possible counter-strokes.

Let us then continue to give at home that same evidence of grit, in the spiritual fight of strong hope against anxious fears, as our men give, both in body and spirit, in the hour by hour tussle for each road and ridge in those fields where we follow them in our thoughts.

W. M.

## LIKE THE GERMANS.

What do these worthless But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote, Made captive, yet deserving freedom more. Then these their conquerors, who leave behind Not a single man, wife, or child, sacrifice? And all the flourishing works of peace destroy; Then swell with pride, and must be titillated Gods, Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers, Who speak of "glory, fame, sacrifice?" Till conqueror Death takes them scatters men, Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed, Violent or shameful death their due reward. . .

—MILTON.

## TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

## HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

Record Prices at Charity Sale—Cost of Feeding British Prisoners.

THE FEELING in favour of Federalism for the United Kingdom appears to be growing. It will be remembered I mentioned that "Home Rule all round" was in the air some time ago. The latest development is that some Liberal members—one of whom is Sir John Cowan—intend to move resolutions on the subject as soon as possible.

FOR THE WOUNDED.—The highest sum I heard bid at Christie's for the old silver was £250, which is not bad for one piece. Amongst the crowd watching was Lady Llan-gatock, whose house at Rutland-gate is a mine of treasures of every kind and age.

A PARSON NURSE.—Many of the bidders went on to Mme. Clara Butt's tea-party for

New Peer.—The new Lord Cottesloe was assistant secretary to Lord Midleton, when he was War Secretary and gave us the "Brodrick cap." He is one of the most prominent figures in Bucks, though he was twice defeated when he contested the Buckingham Division.

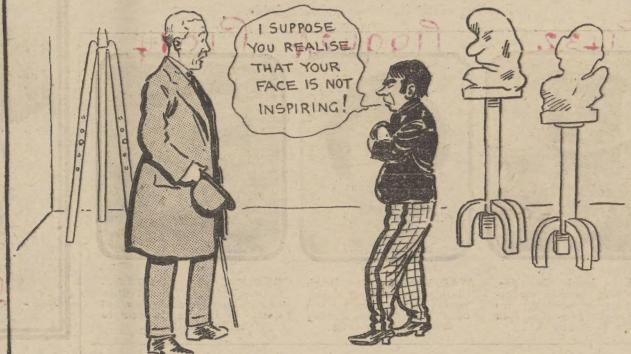
THE HEIR.—His eldest son died of wounds in the first year of the war, so the heir is now the Hon. John Fremantle, who is eighteen.

THE SAILOR AND "STAYS."—Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux is interested in corsets. He is firmly determined to ask the Government why foreign-made corsets are allowed to be imported into this country, while native makers of these useful articles are severely restricted as to supplies of raw materials.

A RIFLEMAN.—The Hon. William Borthwick, who is wounded for the second time, is the brother of Lord Whitburgh, who had the

## WHAT THE HIGHEST BIDDER MIGHT HAVE TO ENDURE.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR A BUST OF HIMSELF COMES TO MR. FUTURO VORTEX'S STUDIO FOR A SITTING.



On Saturday, our cartoonist showed the imaginary fate of any artist offering to paint a portrait of the highest bidder at the Red Cross Sale. To-day he shows the equally imaginary fate that he should be confronted by a futurist.

—By W. K. Heselden.

the Red Cross at the Royal Automobile Club. I heard Father Ross, the vicar-to-be of St. Albans', Holborn, speaking there on the bravery of the wounded from Picardy. He knows, because he is daily dresser as well as chaplain in a Brighton hospital.

H +

MORE AMERICAN SMARTNESS.—Everyone is impressed by the spruce appearance of the American Labour delegates who are now in England. There is a marked improvement in the tailoring of Labour leaders generally. Over here, it may be due to the House of Commons influence.

DEBORAH BEN.—Mr. Ben Tillett can now be scarcely recognised as the B.T. who used to thunder on Tower Hill, for his long hair was brushed back as smoothly as a sub's.

NEW BENNETT PLAY?—Mr. Arnold Bennett, having just published a new novel and feeling that variety is charming, is rapidly completing a new play. Mr. Dennis Eddie may appear in it, but nothing definite is fixed.

THE RECENT FIGHTING.—Among the wounded in the recent terrific fighting is the Hon. Allen Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, the youngest son of Lord Saye and Sele. This peer served in the Zulu War of 1879, and all his sons are soldiers.

THESE COMMUNAL KITCHENS.—Why are not more women employed to advise the authorities in the matter of communal restaurants? Several people I have met urge that these institutions would be all the better for more feminine advice.

A NAVAL RIDER.—Naval men rarely take the same interest as officers of the Junior Service in racing, but an exception is Lord Burghersh, a welcome newcomer to the Turf. His mount finished second in the gentleman riders' race at Lewes.



The Countess of Lisburne, formerly Miss Regina de Bittencourt. The Earl was wounded.



Mrs. Lucien Thomas, whose husband is in England representing United States shipping.

THE POSTPONED HONEYMOON.—Mr. Basil Sidney and Miss Doris Keane, who were married during the now-ending run of "Romance," will have their belated honeymoon up the river. They return to the stage in the late summer for "Roxane," which, after all, has been settled on to follow.

THE LATEST COMBINE.—The latest combine in the theatrical world is likely to be something of a novelty. We know all about combines of managers, and there has even been a combine of artists—witness the V.A.F. But the new combine will be one of agents.

A BIG CONTROL.—The amalgamated agency will control practically all the first-class acts and "top-liners" of the variety business. People are looking forward with interest to see how the managers will welcome the novel scheme.

THE GAY GRAVES.—I hear it is quite likely we shall see Mr. George Graves back in the West End somewhere about next August. Four managements are competing for his services at the moment.

PIONEER AND POETRY.—A person who is taking a very great interest in the Pioneer Plays just now is Baroness D'Erlanger. Anything in the way of art or poetry interests her, which is perhaps natural, as she lives in Byron's old house. It was in this house that Byron parted from his wife for ever, and there also he wrote "The Siege of Corinth."

"GOING UP."—The rumour was about town yesterday that we may not see "Going Up" at the St. James' Theatre—at least, for some time. It seems likely that "Peg o' My Heart" may be put on at the St. James' as a stop-gap.

THE TAILOR'S BIT.—The latest "extra" to appear on a theatre's salary list is a tailor. Daily one is working at the Garrick, mending the gorgeous blue uniforms which Mr. Arthur Wontner and Mr. Hugh Buckler tear off one another in the big fight in "By Piegon Post."

GLAD RAGS GOING.—Evening kif is seldom seen in theatres now, even on a manager. On the production of "The Knife" Mr. Bernard Hishin addressed his audience in a lounge jacket. We may see during the coming summer a flannelled manager thanking patrons.

FEEDING BRITISH PRISONERS.—The father of a boy who was captured by the Germans in October, 1914, says that the cost of keeping his son alive has already gone over £250. And he complains there is no income-tax abatement allowed for this expense.

INTERESTING AUTOGRAPHS.—I have had a look at the autograph album which Mr. George Robey will auction at the Shaftesbury Theatre during the matinee for the Charing Cross Hospital. There has seldom been a collection including signatures of so many people celebrated in different walks of life.

IRISH.—Here is Miss Maire O'Neill, who is repeating her fine performance in "The Play Boy of the Western World" at the Court this week. Miss O'Neill represents one of the many Irish families which have suffered terribly from the Kaiser's megalomania. Two of her brothers have laid down their lives for freedom, and a third has lost his sight in the war.



Miss Maire O'Neill.

A COINCIDENCE.—Two plays of American origin make their first bow to London within a week of each other. The curious fact is that Miss Margaret Mayo, who wrote the original of "Be Careful, Baby," at the Apollo, is the wife of Mr. Edgar Selwyn, part author of "The Naughty Wife."

THE RAMBLER.



**"I am no longer any use to my Country but please put my savings into War Bonds."**

**THIS** is the message which a dying soldier sent from France in a letter—his last letter—to his parents.

The patriotic fervour which these words disclose should burn itself into the heart and soul, and steel the purpose of every man and woman who reads them.

No other seventeen words have ever been packed so full of grim determination and will to Victory.

The nobility of them should ring in our ears as a challenge to emulation.

## Can you do less?

**C**AN you who live at home in comfort, and in a security purchased for you by the life blood of this unknown soldier and a thousand heroes like him—can you do less than lend your all?

Can you spend foolishly a single penny?—Can you waste money?—Dare you regard your money in any other light than as dedicated to the service of your country?—when you think of this soldier who gave his life for you; and at the very moment when it was passing from him, had yet a thought to spare for those who were to fight on, and so wrote “put my savings into War Bonds.”

**You can be certain that your money is helping in this battle of ours for Liberty and Right only if it is invested in—**

## National War Bonds

They earn 5 per cent. interest and you get your capital back in either 5, 7 or 10 years (as you select) with a bonus added.

You can buy National War Bonds at any Bank, or from any Stockbroker. You can buy them in values of £5, £20 or £50 from any Money Order Post Office

# ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL:

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**BETTY GORDON**, a charming country girl, is saved when her horse bolts, by

**JACK TREVOR**, a young man of the world, who has grown tired of his surroundings, and, after an afternoon Trevor calls on Betty, and tells her that he has fallen in love with her, but is interrupted before he can make a full declaration. That same evening, whilst out alone, Betty meets Trevor with a young and pretty girl upon his arm.

**APRIL MOORE**, who is to be introduced.

“Oh, Jack, she says, “you’ve left out the most important thing you haven’t told Miss Betty Gordon that you and I are engaged to be married!”

## CROSS-CURRENTS.

**BETTY GORDON** was the first to break the silence following the abrupt announcement of the engagement. The blood had ebbed from her face, leaving it very white, though in the shadows which the rising moon cast over the trees her pallor was invisible to the other two. She turned to Trevor, bravely forcing herself to smile.

“I must congratulate you,” she said, her voice calm and level. “You—you are very fortunate. I did not know you were engaged.”

He nodded, turning his head abruptly aside to hide the miserable look on his face. Certainly the girl had looked on in the midst of all her pain. Betty noted the look, and wondered dully if the other girl had seen it too.

But April Moore, the pretty blue eyes grown suddenly sharp as gimlets, was eagerly scrutinising Betty’s face for any trace of emotion there, and did not even glance at her fiancee.

“Congratulate me too,” she petulantly remarked, biting her lip as she looked at Betty. She was jealous of this sweet-voiced, dignified young girl who acted with such composure, yet who she felt, must be burningly jealous of her own good luck.

“I do congratulate you, Miss Moore. And I hope you’ll be very happy.” Betty spoke quietly, though her mind was in a tumult. “I congratulate you both.” She did not look at Trevor.

Trevor felt that the situation was becoming unendurable. He was undergoing torments of regret and self-reproach. And yet he could not take his miserable eyes from Betty’s face. Oh, what must she think of him? If only he had explained.

“I must be going now. No, please, don’t come with me—I know these roads so well—it isn’t really late.” Betty spoke lightly, though her one thought was to be alone, to get away from this torturing situation, to fight her battle out by herself, far from the sharp suspicious eyes of April Moore and the man whom she had believed in.

It was so incredible! He was the affianced of another girl!

“You can’t go home alone,” Trevor stared unhappily at Betty, while April, determined to display her authority, hugged at his arm. She would show this pretty newcomer that Jack was certainly hers.

“I’m going, so good-bye,” said Betty. “And since I may not see you again—I must thank you for your fare for everything.” Her voice caught on the last two words, but only Jack Trevor heard the little break in it. He knew there was no intended irony in that little talk for “everything”—but somehow it cut him to the heart.

Before he could answer she had vanished, her slim, white-coated figure swallowed up in the shadow of the woods.

The way back to the Manor House, with April’s chatter falling on his unwilling ears, seemed interminably long to him. He wanted to be alone, to frame some message to be sent to Betty, in token of an adequate way out of this awful mess...

Charlie Davon met them in the hall when at long last they arrived. A curious fellow, Charlie Davon! Good-looking, with pleasantly ingratiating manners, not so much really knew anything about him, though he was everywhere, was received in the best houses!

“Come and have a hundred up at ‘pills, Trevor?” he queried, lazily, as that young man entered the Manor House with April. “Let me have my revenge, to-night, eh?”

“I’ve other things to do,” came the curt answer. “April will play with you, no doubt.”

He walked into a small library opening off the hall and closed the door carefully behind him. Here he would surely find quiet for reflection.

“What have you been doing to old Trevor?” Charlie Davon looked quizzically at April.

The latter shrugged her shoulders lightly, looking coquettishly up at the attractive man beside her. Her eyes softened wonderfully as they met his.

“Oh, I don’t know—perhaps he’s jealous!”

Dixon lowered his voice to the caressing note he kept especially for all pretty women.

“Do you think he is?” asked April?

“You should know best, Charlie!” She spoke a little tremulously. Her eyes grew misty as they gazed up into his, and her head seemed to be swimming. It was lucky no one was near to see that look.

He caught her hand in his, pressing it carelessly. Women were curious creatures—they had to be humoured. And April’s affection was extraordinarily useful to him, though demanding and exacting. A treacherous thought of April!

“As I feel jealous of him, April!”

Dixon whispered to the girl, touching her cheek lightly for a moment. “If I could only—only have you all to myself—” He paused, his eloquent eyes continuing the tale.

“You want me?” The girl’s voice trembled.

“Oh, Charlie, if you want me, why, I’ll—”

“No, April, you won’t do anything foolish.”

Dixon realised he had gone too far, that to play

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

on April’s feelings might land him in an embarrassing quandary. “You know, dear, I haven’t any money. That alters things. Trevor is rich, remember. He’s worth while. And” lowering his voice in mock humility—“I am not!”

Suddenly tears sprang to April’s eyes. The girl was genuinely fond of Davon. It was natural to think that Trevor’s money should be between them. And yet—oh, how she would hate to part with it!

“It only you had some of his money!” The eager words broke from her lips.

“Perhaps I shall have April, if you don’t do anything foolish meantime!” Davon narrowed his eyes as he looked down at her. How far could he put his trust in April—pretty, petulant, changeable April, fickle as the month for which she was named!

You want me to do something—for you?” she was whispering.

“Not just at present, dear.” Davon was growing giddy with the situation, and knew that Trevor might come out of the library and find them whispering in the hall. “Well, I have all this later on—come down now and have a hundred up at billiards.”

April, smiling and happy once more, went off with him.

## THE LETTER.

INSIDE the library Jack Trevor was deeply engrossed in the writing of a letter. Before it was finished to his satisfaction he had made three separate copies. The first two he then thrust into the fire, sealing the other carefully in an envelope, and inscribing Betty’s address upon it.

And this is what he had written:

“Betty, my dearest—(for to me, whatever happens, you always will be that)—will you be my fiancee? I have just out for an interview. I am terribly unhappy. And I am desperately to see you. I meant every word of what I said this afternoon. Only I know I own you an explanation. I am sure things can be straightened out of this tangle—only I must see you, and at once. Will you please send me back by bearer, who will wait for it. And let me know where I may see you—and when. Don’t keep me waiting long, Betty. And don’t think I’m of dear, until you have heard what I have to say.”

Holding the precious letter in his hand, he walked across the hall and through the front door to the grounds. A small boy—one of the under-gardener’s children—was walking along the carriage drive.

Trevor stopped him, handing him the letter.

“Here, sonny, run with this over to the Red Cottage. You know the short cut by the fields. And be sure you bring me and back with you. I’ll be waiting for you here—so don’t get another shilling when you return.”

The small boy sped away on the lucrative errand.

Trevor walked restlessly up and down the carriage drive, wondering whether Betty would receive his message. His very love for her doubted his anxiety. Would she not come to him? He was really incapable of comprehending the workings of the girl’s mind.

He had been quick to trade upon his chivalry and upon his blissful ignorance of the ways of her particular type. Pretty—dangerously pretty—shallow and mercenary, she yet could make herself extraordinarily charming when she so chose.

And Trevor’s money had appealed to her. Naturally extravagant, with expensive tastes and a self-centred little soul must always satisfy; she was the possessor of a long list of debts which even repeated gifts of money from her fiance could not permanently diminish.

“My debts are like the proverbial widow’s curse,” April would often declare light-heartedly. “Through good and ill they are always with me.”

He had not been easy to bring about this arrangement between himself and Trevor. In spite of all her beauty and her charm, she had shrewd idea that Trevor did not really love her.

She had cast herself—a lovely little bundle of egotism—upon his chivalry. She had come to him, weeping, with a pathetic little version of her troubles. They certainly looked mountain-high—ever lastingly convincing.

She had looked so pretty, so childishly helpless, appealing when she cried. And she had shown him, deliberately but pointedly, that she cared for him.

To his quixotic mind the course was obvious to him—he must marry her. She was so sweet, so young, so much alone in the world—surely he would grow to love her as she loved him.

As time went on, April was petulant, spoiled, exacting and continually demands for money worried him. He did not understand her thousand-and-one moods. She could be saucily sweet, then sulky for days at trifles.

He knew now that he had never loved her—never would!

“Will she let me go? Oh, she must let me go! I can’t go on with it!” Up and down the carriage drive he tramped. “How could I possibly let her go?—she means everything to me.”

He stared moodily over in the direction of the Red Cottage. Surely Betty would let him see her soon. Betty must understand the predicament he was in!

met he was in! Betty must realise how much he loved her—and her only!

“The lady sent you this answer, sir.” The small messenger boy came trotting unheard up the avenue, placing an envelope in Trevor’s hand.

“Thank you, sonny! The lady was a young girl, and she had been missing for hours. In her eagerness he failed to notice a slender, black-frocked figure standing on the steps.

He shut himself into the library, tearing the envelope open. What had Betty written? His heart was pounding away uncomfortably fast. This is what it said:

“Dear Mr. Trevor, I do not think it would be fair to your fiancee for us to meet. Nothing could be gained—to any of us—by an interview. I am very sorry you are unhappy—and that I have been the cause of it. You must just forget what has happened, as I shall forget it. It is impossible for you to love two people, as you soon discover. I may be going to London soon, and I will let you know again. But I wish you every happiness.”

The letter fluttered from Trevor’s fingers to the floor. A lump of ice seemed suddenly to be pressing itself round his heart. So this was her answer!

He buried his face in his hands.

For several minutes he sat there, motionless. On looking back at those few minutes after, he really seemed like hours. He seemed to have grown older in those few minutes.

Then he straightened himself, lifting the letter from the floor. He read it carefully through twice. Ah, evidently Betty did not believe that he really loved her? What was it she had written? He scanned the paper eagerly.

“It is impossible for you to love two people, as you will soon discover.”

Why, yes, of course it was! But he never had loved two girls so well. He only cared for her—Betty—the girl he had always pictured in his dreams.

He was still holding the letter in his hand when the library door swung open, and April walked into the room. Her blue eyes were blazing, and her small rosebud mouth was tight set.

“I never should have believed such a thing about you, Jack!” she cried, “if I hadn’t seen it just now with my own eyes! I never thought you capable of such deceit, such underhandedness! It’s a deliberate insult to me—and I won’t stand it—do you hear me?”

She stamped a small, satin-shod foot angrily on the polished floor of the library, staring accusingly at Trevor.

“You’re carrying on some low intrigue with that pale-faced little cat we met this evening! You don’t contradict me—I know it! You’re writing letters to her, and getting answers! Don’t deny it now—you’ve got a letter of hers in your hand this very moment!”

Trevor rose to his feet, his face very pale.

“Be careful what you say, April. I warn you—”

“Oh, don’t talk to me—I’m sick of you!” she cried, biting her under-lip angrily. “That you should do such a thing—you who always posed as being so perfect! But still waters run deep.”

“Always believed in that old saying—”

“April, everyone in the house will hear you!”

“Oh, I don’t care—I want them to know the kind of man you are!”

“What authority have you for all those wild statements?” Trevor spoke calmly.

She gave an unpleasant little laugh as she replied:

“I followed that boy down the avenue after he had delivered to you your—” she paused, groping for a sufficiently scathing word—“your—”

“Your—” she continued. “You didn’t look so steady, Jack.” Her eyes faltered for a moment. “I had a perfect right to do it. You belong to me. He told me that he was written by Miss Betty Gordon in answer to one of yours!”

“You have gone a little too far to-night in your investigations, April.” Trevor’s tones were tenses.

“Apparently I have not gone far enough!” She pointed at him. “But I’m going to make you pay for this!” she added.

Trevor looked straight into her angry, accusing eyes.

“It seems to me,” he said slowly, “that you have always made me pay.”

“I suppose you’re referring to a few trifling little bills of mine,” sneered April. “But that sort of talk won’t weigh at all with me!”

For the first time since the girl had come to the garden, a change seemed to be lifted from Trevor’s eyes. He began to see Miss April in her real, true colours. Was it his money only she had cared for? Had she ever really cared for all for him? Why, what a blind fool he had been, never to suspect! When he had spoken of always paying there had been no reference to money in his mind. But now—now the thought took definite root and grew apace.

April shrewd in the midst of all her anger, half surmised the thought. She hurriedly broke in:

“Don’t think I’m going to let you go, Jack—no, not for all the women in the world! And you can have what opinion of me you please—”

She broke into angry sobs.

Then she lifted her head and added fiercely:

“There’s one thing you’d better understand at once—I’ll never let you go!”

**There will be another fine instalment of this thrilling romance to-morrow.**

By MAY CHRISTIE



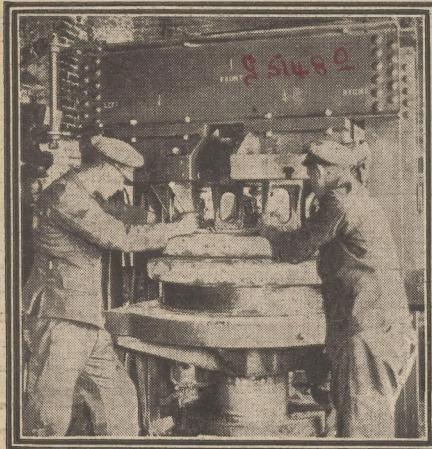
# HUN U-BOAT HOLDS UP NEUTRAL SHIP: SEE PICTURE ON PAGE ONE

## Daily Mirror

### TYRING THE WHEELS OF WAR

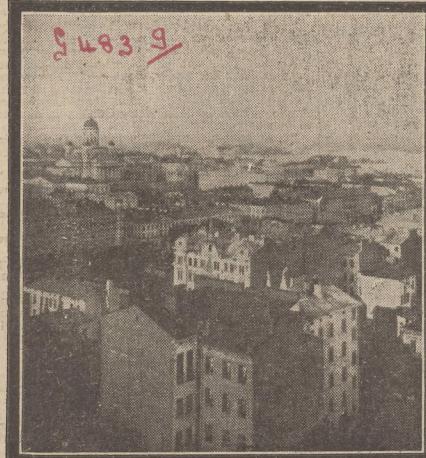


Bringing up a motor wheel for tyre renewal.



Tyre forced on a lorry wheel by hydraulic pressure.

Almost the whole of the Army transport runs on rubber tyres, and to maintain these in good order needs in itself a great business organisation.—(Official photographs.)



HELSINKI.—The capital of Finland, which has been entered by German forces, with "White Guards," after vigorous opposition by the revolutionists.

### ENGAGED.

1104.00



Major Gen. E. P. Strickland, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

1104.34



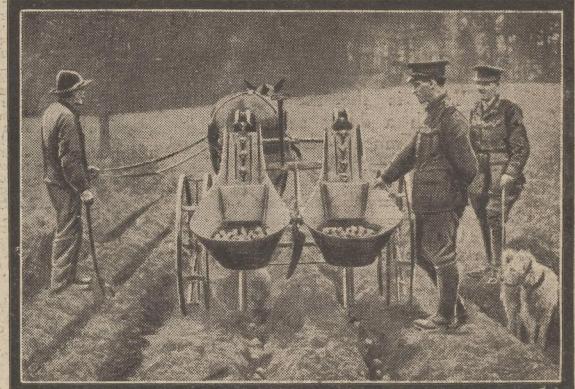
Mrs. Cresswell, widow of Capt. F. J. Cresswell.

Major Gen. Strickland is colonel of the Norfolk Regiment, and the late Capt. Cresswell belonged to the 1st battalion of the regiment.

### RECORD POTATO PLANTING AT WINDSOR



How the potatoes were planted and covered almost simultaneously.



Planting the tubers—two rows at each journey.

Twenty-seven acres of raw land were turned up and planted with potatoes in four days by three Canadians at Virginia Water.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)

### READY TO CONTEST EVERY INCH OF GROUND.



London Scottish digging trenches to the tune of the pipes.



A brigadier-general salutes reinforcements as they go up to the fighting line.

There is neither slackness nor disheartenedness behind the fighting line in France.

The men mean to hold the Hun, and are confident they can do it.

### NEW PARIS MODEL.



An original effect of smart simplicity in a frock designed for dinner and for informal dances. It is in taffeta, trimmed with long monkey fur.